

THE MINSTRELS RETURNED FROM THE WAR

Written & Composed by

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ANIMATO.

f *p* *f* Dolce. *f*

The Minstrel return'd from the war, With spirits as buoyant as air; And thus on his

tuneful guitar, . He sings in the bow'r of his fair, He sings in the bow'r of his fair, The

noise of the battle is o--ver, The bugle no more calls to arms; A soldier no more but a

lov--er, I kneel to the pow'r of thy charms! Sweet lady, dear lady! I'm thine, I

bend to the magic of beauty; Tho' the helmet and banner are mine, Yet love calls the soldier to

duty.

2.

The minstrel his suit warmly press'd,
 She blush'd sigh'd and hung down her head;
 'Till conquer'd she fell on his breast,
 And thus to the happy youth said;
 "The bugle shall part us, love, never,
 My bosom thy pillow shall be;
 'Till death tears thee from me forever,
 Still faithful, I'll perish with thee."
 Sweet lady, dear lady! I'm thine,
 I bend to the magic of beauty;
 Tho' the helmet and banner are mine,
 Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

3.

But fame called the youth to the field,
 His banner waved over his head;
 He gave his guitar for a shield,
 But soon he laid low with the dead:
 While she o'er her young hero bending,
 Received his expiring adieu;
 "I die while my country defending,
 With heart to my lady-love true!"
 "Oh! death!" then she sigh'd, I am thine,
 I tear off the roses of beauty;
 For the grave of my hero is mine,
 He died true to love and to duty.

